THE WOMEN'S

MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

—OF—

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

VOL. 7. MARCH, 1894. No. 8

KASHMIR.

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"HOW can we endure this heat?"

This remark was made by one lady to another in the compartment of a railway car one hot night in July, 1891. The heat had for days been intense, and these two were leaving the burning plains of India to seek needed rest in far famed Kashmir.

"I have never traveled before this when I suffered so from the heat," was the remark rather than reply the question elicited. They were alone in a compartment marked, "ladies only," and made themselves comfortable as possible but sleep was out of the question. The heat was far too great for that. Very thankful were they when early the next morning the train stopped at Rawal Pindi, the station from which the tongas start for Baramulla. Tongas are hill carts; each tonga holds three passengers and some small articles of luggage. These are stowed away under the seats. As quickly as possible the start was made for Murree, a hill station 40 miles from Rawal Pindi, and where the first night was to be spent. Only about six hours were required for this journey. Oh! how delicious was the cool, pure atmosphere of the mountains. It seemed at once to put new life into those two tired ones. The food placed before them was not sent away scarcely tasted, as had been the case on the plains. It seemed hard to believe that the friends left but the evening before on the plains were still having that terrible heat to endure. The journey was continued early the next morning, and in this one day we traveled from Murree to Uri, 97 miles, over a good road and through lovely scenery. The first 42 miles of this day's journey were passed over very quickly, as they had good horses which kept at a gallop a great part of the time. At Domel very bad horses were given; and such stopping and backing and then plunging on for a few rods! Not a pleasant experience on a narrow road with a steep bank on one side and a river, a wild mountain one at that, just below you. Late at night Uri, 55 miles from Domel, was reached, and here a halt was made until morning.

The next day the journey to Baramulla was completed. Boatmen came running to meet the tonga as soon as it appeared in sight, and before it had

reached the stopping place there was a large number of these men running after the tonga, each one holding a bunch of letters in his out-stretched hand and crying out, at the top of his voice, the excellencies of his particular boat. The horses galloped into the tonga yard and stopped, and the occupants beheld themselves surrounded by tents and the yard swarming with men, gorgeously dressed individuals many of them indulging in the most brilliant hues. His Highness, Maharaja Pertat Singh, was leaviug Kashmir for his other capital, Jummoo. From this point the river is navigable, and they next proceeded to select the boat by which they would go to Srinagar, walking along the bank and peeping into the boats. Finally one was selected for themselves and one for their servants. After a wait of a day for the goods which had not yet arrived they began the journey up the river to Srinagar, where they proposed to go and encamp for a few days at Moonshi Bagh, a large orchard above Srinagar, and set apart for the married or single lady visitors, who either live in some of the few, perhaps 20, suites of rooms that are available, in tents or in boats, all of which are for hire.

How they did enjoy that trip up the river in the dunga or house boat! They had left the plains of India apparently on the verge of breaking down in health and here was the rest they needed. Nothing to do but to sit in the shade of their little boat and look out on the beautiful scenery. The lovely valley surrounded by the grand, wild hills—how well the poet describes it when he calls it an "emerald set in pearls." Smoothly the boat moved on, being either towed, poled or rowed, owing to the river. Where there was a good channel by a bank they were always towed. At night the boats were tied to the bank. The first stop was made at Sopor. There were other house boats there. The fishing is good, and I fancy a great many men go there to fish. The next stop was at Shadipore. At this place the Scind river flows into the Jhelum. Hence the name of the place, which is from the word "Shadi," meaning marriage. This was a very pretty stopping place. On the banks of the Scind are some fine Chenar trees. In the middle of the river where the Scind flows into it is an artificial island built around a Chenar tree. They were now about 8 miles from Srinagar.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRAYER AND MISSIONS.

Published as a leaflet by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

AMONG the Jews there has been a saying, "He prays not at all in whose prayers there is no mention of the kingdom of God," but the veil which remaineth untaken away in the reading of the Old Testament has hung like a pall over the living experience of this truth as well. And Jewish blindness finds its parallel in the Church's neglect of the voice which for centuries has been pleading, largely in vain, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth laborers into His harvest." Eighteen long centuries of waiting, during which His kingdom has not come, are alike the evidence and the result of the absence of expressed desire that the King and His kingdom should appear. Perhaps more so now than for years, and yet very little even to-day does the longing cry rise up, "Thy kingdom come," not only as an inner advent to hearts in Christendom, but over all the

world. If the work of missions were purely a human enterprise, this neglect might be intelligible. But in a supernatural cause, resting on a supernatural charter, led on by an omnipotent Leader, with all His supernatural power pledged to its support on the conditions of consecration and prayer on the parts of its human agents, a neglect of prayer is a denial of the Lord's leadership and a willful limitation of success. For in all the missionary work of God, to take no wider ground—if there be any wider ground—all success and guidance are consequent only upon prayer.

It was so in the history of the early Church, whose development for years was almost wholly a story of missionary progress, with every step christened and crowned by prayer. The first and the last recorded apostolic acts after the Ascension were prayers—the gathering in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, and John's cry from Patmos, "Even so, come Lord Jesus!" The disciples did not first of all take up the pen to preserve the memories of that priceless Life, nor was the voice of the world's great need that had brought that Life to earth strong enough to call away their thoughts. First of all they sought the Lord's feet in prayer, and in the still, Pentecostal hour the first mighty flood of missionary power rolled over the missionary band, manifesting its character, its meaning, and its might in the converted thousands of that day. And not only did prayer secure the promised power, but it converted and equipped the workers in the mission cause. It was in the days that they all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, and after direct request for guidance, that Matthias was chosen to fill the place of him who was guide to them that took Jesus. The seven deacons; Barnabas and Saul, after their separation to foreign service by the Holy Ghost; the elders chosen at the close of their first missionary journey—none of these ventured over the threshold of their work without the preparation of prayer. And it was in prayer that new departures were taken. Cornelius at Cesarea, and Simon Peter upon the house-top at Joppa, caught in prayer the commands that opened the door of faith to the Gentiles. Prayer formally marked the inception of the first missionary tour as it had brought the impulse of his life to the first great missionary. "And it came to pass that when I was come again to Jerusalem, even while I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance * * * and He said unto me, depart, for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles." And lastly it was to prayer that in time of need those early workers invariably resorted. Peter kneels down by the death-bed of Dorcas, when he would have the knowledge of the Gospel's power, already declared at the beautiful gate of the temple in Jerusalem, revealed at Joppa, by a manifest resurrection from the dead. Prayer, made without ceasing of the Church unto God for Him, opens Herod's dungeon doors and sets the apostle free. The Philippian prison shakes, the doors hang ajar, the prisoners' bonds burst asunder amid the midnight prayers of Silas and Paul. And on the last page of the record, Publius's father's bloody flux departs in prayer. With everything thus begun, continued, and ended in prayer; marking every emergency, guiding every progressive step, animating every act of wider obedience, is it any wonder that when the flames of missionary zeal and success sank away, it was because the fires of prayer had died low on the altars of devotion? Is there any other reason than this for the reiterated plea in the epistles of Paul, that the churches he had founded would labor together with him in prayer for the prosperity of the Gospel with them and with him and in all the world? No. The

first two things in the early Church were prayer and missions, and the deepest alliance in the early Church was between missions and prayer.

And not only so, but whenever in subsequent centuries the Church has caught something of the spirit of those early days it has been manifested in a new devotion to missions and a revival of prayer. It must necessarily be so, for His spirit is a spirit of service and communion, of missions and prayer. And communion without service is a dream, and service without communion ashes. It is only, therefore, in accordance with a very general truth that we trace the foundation of our present missionary organizations to times of revival, which were also times of awakened prayer. Almost the first breathings of the modern missionary period were in 1723, when Robert Millar, Presbyterian minister in Paisley, published "The History of the Propagation of Christianity and the Overthrow of Paganism," in which he powerfully urged prayer as the first of nine means for "the conversion of the heathen world." In October, 1744, after some of the famous revivals of 1742, in the West country, a band of nineteen united in what they called, "a concert to promote more abundant application to a duty that is perpetually binding—prayer that our God's kingdom may come, joined with praises." In 1784, at a periodical meeting of the Northamptonshire Association of Baptist Ministers, on motion of John Sutcliff, a plan drawn up by John Ryland, Jr., was addressed to the churches, which urged, among other things, "Let the whole interest of the Redeemer be affectionately remembered, and the spread of the Gospel to the most distant parts of the habitable globe be the object of your most fervent requests." On this occasion Andrew Fuller preached his first printed sermon on "Walking by Faith." Two years afterward William Carey was baptized in the Nen by the same John Ryland, and ordained by Andrew Fuller to the ministry at Moulton village. It was out of all this prayer and revival that Carey and his little band of Baptist ministers addressed themselves to the task of evangelizing the world. Further still, the London Missionary Society was founded in 1795, for non-Baptist churches, as the direct result of William Carey's work, itself also conceived by Dr. Bogue and Mr. Stephens and founded in prayer. Long before this, even in 1732, as the result of four years' prayer, the first Moravian missionaries went out from Herrnhut. And lastly, in 1806, a year full of missionary impulse, in answer to prayer came the famous prayer-meeting in the shadow of Greylock, of which Dr. Griffin, a president of Williams College, said: "I have been in situations to know that from the councils formed in that sacred conclave or from the mind of Mills himself, arose the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Bible Society, and the African School under the care of the Synod of New York and New Jersey, besides all the impetus given to domestic missions, to the Colonization Society, and to the general cause of benevolence in both hemispheres."

And not only has prayer played the supreme part in the formation of missionary agencies, but it has been at the bottom of all revivals in missionary work. The upheaval in the training-school at Kyoto, Japan, March 16, 1883, whose influence has, perhaps, shaped the whole subsequent Christian development of Japan, the outpoured floods in the Lone Star Mission among the Telegus, the movement among the Mahrattas in India on the first Monday in January, 1833, the incidents of 1846 in Miss Fiske's school at Oroomiah, the work of Michaelis of the Gossner Society in Java, and the revival wave that swept

over Turkey two years ago—all these had no sufficient explanation save that supplied by the power of definite and believing prayer.

Aye, and we may go a step further than this, and assert that through men who knew how to pray has every new departure and development of missions, which has borne in any real sense the marks of God's leading, been effected. First of all, the occupation of new fields. It was the potency of prayer that demolished to dust the walls of Chinese seclusion. The beginning of the great work in Japan was traced to a little room where the missionaries met every day to pray. In 1770, seven years after the death of Frederick Boemisch, the first of the missionary triumvirate which had gone to Greenland to uphold the hands of Egede, John Beck wrote to Matthew Stach, recalling the history of their early life's work. "We three it was," he says, "who made that solemn vow, one with another, wholly to follow our Lord in this land. How many times we besought Him, with weeping, to grant us one soul of this nation. But he stopped not at one. These congregations which we have seen grow up from the beginning, how far do they exceed all our early prayers." Allen Gardiner transfigured the initial steps of the work in Terra del Fuego with prayer. There is a paper written by him on his birthday, in which he says: "I pray that Thou wouldst graciously prepare a way for the entrance of Thy servants among the poor heathen of these islands, * * * and should we even languish and die here, I beseech Thee to raise up others and to send forth laborers into this harvest." The translations of the Bible, which have gone on their errand under His blessing, have been made by men who know how—to borrow Neesima's phrase—to advance upon their knees.

Of course it has ever been through prayer that the missionaries have been secured, and it was thither, consequently, that Bishop Patterson resorted when he set apart George Sarawia, praying that "he might be but the first of a goodly band of Melanesian clergymen to carry the Gospel to their people." This was the only source of missionary supply recognized by Christ—"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth laborers into His harvest." And seeking them in any way which neglects the unceasing search of prayer is not the Lord's way. The first woman ever sent from America as a medical missionary declared her departure for the lightless lands to be the result of her early pastor's prayers. The day appointed by the Church Missionary Society in 1885 to pray for workers was anticipated, even the evening before the formal meeting, by one hundred graduates of the University Church, who dedicated themselves to the foreign missionary work, and declared themselves ready to go when their studies were completed. Before they called He answered, and while they were yet speaking He heard. God alone knows how, replying to prayer, He sent out the hundred workers asked by the China Inland Mission in 1887. David Temple and William Goodell went out to the foreign field from a little group of half a dozen who met for prayer around an old tree-stump at Andover, eighty years ago. And if a clearer indication than these is needed of God's way of leading out His workers, it is found in the words of Paton's parents to their son as he was deciding the question of his duty to the heathen: "When you were given to us, we laid you upon the altar, our first born, to be consecrated, if God saw fit, as a missionary of the Cross; and it has been our constant prayer that you might be prepared, qualified, and led to this very decision." If the Church must resort chiefly to prayer for the missionary

workers, workers and Church must labor together in prayer for the desired conversions; and foreign work as a rule has been least fruitless in such results where the Church has least lavished her prayers.

Only the great cloud of witnesses who have been familiar with all the trials of God's missionaries from the day Paul was cast out for dead at Lystra to the sufferings caused by the last Chinese riots, know how many lives have been saved, how many dangers have been avoided, how many perils passed on the highway of prayer. The deliverances of 1839 in the Turkish Empire, and the preservation of faith among the fagots and flames of persecution at Uganda, were alike advantages brought to the kingdom of God by prayer. There is no other way than this to fill the treasuries of mission boards and supply the means for an immensely widened work in the foreign field. Nor is this merely a Christian truth which no experience has ever proved. Pastor Gossner sent out into the foreign field 144 missionaries. Besides providing outfit and passage, he had never less than twenty missionaries dependent directly upon him for support. How he carried on this and his other Christian work, a sentence from the funeral address read over his grave will explain: "He prayed up the walls of a hospital and the hearts of the nurses; he prayed mission stations into being and missionaries into faith; he prayed open the hearts of the rich, and gold from the most distant lands." "When I sent you without purse, and scrip and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing." It is the voice of him to whom belong the silver and the gold, and the cattle on a thousand hills.

Another step in this connection we are tracing needs to be taken. The first thing in the life of the convert must be prayer. The mission that is not a training-school of prayer may accomplish much in civilizing and enlightening, but it will be little of a spiritual power in its land. Nothing but the intimacy of communion and the answering strength involved in taking tuition under Him who is to teach men to pray will ever hold the missionary convert in the midst of overwhelming temptations, or make him for God a man of spiritual power. Things were only, then, as in God's way they must be, when in the revivals of 1872, in Japan, students in the schools of Japan, and in the colleges of prayer, so besought God with tears in one of the meetings at Yokohama that He would pour out His spirit on Japan as at Pentecost, that captains of men-of-war, English and American, who were present, remarked, "The prayers of these Japanese take the hearts out of us," and the first Japanese congregation of eleven converts sprang out of those prayers; or when the prime minister of the bloody queen of Madagascar, endeavoring to enforce her terrible edicts against the Christians, was confronted by his own nephew's declaration, "I am a Christian, and if you will you may put me to death, for I must pray."

Even more clearly than here can this alliance of prayer and missions be traced in the lives of individual missionaries. It may not be possible to judge of outward success; it is possible to know the measure of inward fidelity from the place which prayer occupies in the missionary's life, and yet, "I do desire to say, gravely and earnestly," says a missionary of the American Board, "that my missionary life has been successful so far as I have been prayerful, and non-successful so far as in prayerfulness I have been lax." Foremost among these prayer-souled men of missions stands David Brainerd. In his diary he writes: "God enabled me so to agonize in prayer that I was quite wet with perspiration,

though in the shade and in the cool wind. My soul was drawn out very much from the world for multitudes of souls." And in 1747 he left a dying injunction for his beloved Christian Indians that at the monthly missionary concert, which the year before had been recommended from Scotland, they should pray for "the conversion of the world." Such a man was John Hunt, with his death-bed cry: "Oh, let me pray for Fiji! Lord, save Fiji!" and Adoniram Judson, whose only testimony after a long life of deep experience was, "I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anythiug, but it came at some time—no matter how distant the day—somehow in some shape, probably the last I should have devised —it came!" Dr. Goodell's appeal, "Let it be known, too, that more, apparently, can be done now by prayer than in any other way. Whoever prays most, helps most" was only an expression of his own life. It was by prayer that Paton was led into the missionary service; by prayer he won the hearts of the degraded men; by prayer he dug wells and found fresh water where others found none or salt; by prayer he checked the hand of the assassin; by prayer he locked the jaws of violence; we may be sure that it will be in the hush of prayer that he will fall asleep. From no other source than this could Mackay ever have gained strength for the life of unwearied, unmeasured usefulness he laid down at Uganda. Regarding his prayer, his companion, Ashe, says: "Mackay's prayer was very childlike, full of simple trust and supplication. Very humble, very meek, very childlike, he was on his knees before God." How much David Livingston prayed may be inferred from brief glimpses, here and there in his journals, into the holy place in his life. He records on April 29, 1867, an answer to some prayer of his for influence on the minds of the heathen. He began different years of his diaries with a prayer. Thus, Jan. 1, 1868, "Almighty Father, forgive the sins of the past year for thy Son's sake. Help me to be more profitable during this year. If I am to die this year, prepare me for it." He wrote prayers on his birthdays, too, as March 19, 1872, the next to the last of his birthdays, "My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All, I again dedicate my whole self to thee. Accept me and grant, oh, gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen. So let it be. David Livingstone." And on the last birthday of all, "Let not Satan prevail over me, oh, my good Lord Jesus!" And when the worn and wasted figure was found dead, it was in the attitude of prayer. Even in that last hour he had knelt down by his bedside at Ilala to commend, with one dying effort, the world's open sore to the Redeemer of the oppressed and the Saviour of the lost. There are more martyrs than those who have poured out their blood or burned at the stake for Christ and His Church. They, too, are martyrs who have poured out their lives in service and their souls in the agony of prayer that the Son of God and His kingdom would come. And as Sabbath by Sabbath a great branch of the Church sings those glorious words, "The noble army of martyrs, praise Thee," it is simply the confident assertion that those who served Him here in the ministry of toil and prayer have taken up the ministry of praise in the land where His servants shall serve Him.

The connection between prayer and missions has been traced thus over the whole field of missionary conditions, simply to show that every element in the missionary problem of to-day depends for its solution chiefly upon prayer. The assertion has been frequently made

in past years, that with 20,000 men, properly qualified and distributed, the world could be evangelized in thirty years. And actually there is need of an immediate undaunted effort to secure 20,000 men. Neither, perhaps, can the world be evangelized without them, nor can they be secured without effort. But it is hopeless to endeavor to obtain them, and they will be worthless if obtained, unless the whole effort be inspired and permeated with prayer. "Thrust Thou forth Thy laborers into the harvest." Or with the world open and men offering and treasuries depleted, the missionary agents of the Church may sometimes feel that the great need is a consecration of wealth to the world-wide service of Christ; and surely He does still plead that the tithes be brought into the storehouse and His readiness to pour out a blessing tested therewith, but money is not the great need. The evangelization of the world in this generation depends first of all upon a revival of prayer. Deeper than the need for men; deeper, far, than the need for money; aye, deep down at the bottom of our spiritless life is the need for the forgotten secret of prevailing' world-wide prayer. Missions have progressed slowly abroad, because piety and prayer have been shallow at home. "When I shall see Christians all over the world," said John Foster, "resolved to prove what shall be the efficacy of prayer for the conversion of the world, I shall begin to think that the millennium is at the door." The condition and consequence of such prayers as this is a new outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Nothing short of His own suggestion will prompt the necessary prayer to bring Him back again in power. Nothing short of His new outpouring will ever solve the missionary problems of our day. The first call ever sent out for the annual week of prayer came from the mission field, and was designed to unite the whole Christian world in earnest prayer for the promised outpouring of the Spirit upon all nations; and yet, year by year the idea has been practically ignored, so that on one occasion the advance call contained no allusion to the Holy Spirit at all. There has been in our own day more than one unconscious manifestation of the same spirit which more than a century and a half ago, when the King of Denmark issued a letter ordering a petition for missions in India and Denmark to be introduced into the church prayers, quickly found expression in hostility and disobedience.

Considering the fearful consequences of it all, something like criminal negligence has marked for years the attitude of the Church toward the matchless power of prayer for the world. Shall it be so longer, or shall a change come over the Church? It will not avail to pass resolutions and form prayer alliances. For generations great calls have been issued, leagues have been proposed, emotions have been aroused, and yet the days continue evil; the kingdom of God moves faster, but slowly still, and prayer is an echo on men's lips rather than a passion from their hearts. But if fifty men of our generation will enter the holy place of prayer, and become, henceforth, men whose hearts God has touched with the prayer-passion, the history of His Church will be changed. By the wicked neglect of a life that misses the first things in prayer, and that never strains the heart-strings of its devotion over the world, shall we virtually beseech Him: "Let not Thy kingdom come; stop Thou the Macedonian cry; close Thou the doors of access to the heathen; bind up the purse strings of the Church and palsy the feet of missionaries upon the threshold; let the world's millions go on to death?" or, in lives that linger ceaselessly before the Lord, shall we pour out our souls in John Milton's sublime pray-

er: "The times and seasons pass along under Thy feet and go and come at Thy bidding; and as Thou didst dignify our father's days with many revelations above all the foregoing ages since Thou tookest the flesh, so thou canst vouchsafe to us, though unworthy, as large a portion of Thy Spirit as Thou pleasest; for who shall prejudice Thy all-governing will? seeing the power of Thy grace is not passed away with the primitive times, as bold and faithless men imagine, but Thy kingdom is now at hand, and Thou standing at the door. Come forth out of Thy royal chambers, O Prince of all the kings of the earth; put on the visible robes of Thy imperial majesty; take up that unlimited sceptre which Thy Almighty Father hath bequeathed Thee; for now the voice of Thy Bride calls Thee, and all creatures sigh to be renewed." Of far greater service than any array of learning or gifts of eloquence; more to be desired than gold and fine gold; more to be sought than a great name, or apparent opportunities for large usefulness; of deeper significance than high intellectual attainment, or power of popular influence, is this gift—may God give it to each one of us!—the secret and sweetness of unceasing, prevailing, triumphant prayer for the coming of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

ROBERT SPEER, D. D.

TWO WAYS.

One of our smaller churches in another State, having a membership of perhaps two hundred, is full of the missionary spirit. Filled with zeal, and eager to make a large contribution to the loved cause of missions, in response to a special plea that had engendered a special interest, they resolved to have a "church supper" and sociable, and devote the proceeds to this purpose. They worked heartily, earnestly, and laboriously. I need not go into details; our ladies all know by frequent experience, the careful planning, the soliciting, providing, and downright hard work that are a part and parcel of a church supper; not to speak of the headaches, backaches, and if the truth were always known, even heartaches, that too often serve as a sort of running accompaniment. Well, these dear good sisters went through all this, gladly, for the cause. And, as a result of their labors, the Lord's treasury was enriched by the sum of *seven dollars and fifty cents.*

Now the pastor of this energetic little church also loved the cause of missions, and it grieved his gentle soul to see his people reap such small return from such a great outlay of time, strength and money. Being a wise counselor, and judicious, he urged them to try his plan for raising money, "just this once, to please him."

Down in my own heart I imagine they were too worn out and discouraged to argue the matter, but be that as it may, they yielded ready assent. In consequence, a bright instructive program was arranged for an evening's entertainment, and people were cordially urged to be present. No admission fee was charged; no refreshments except social and intellectual were to be served. But a box had been placed near the door, and all were earnestly urged to put therein, in cash, the same amount that they would otherwise have given under the guise of a cake, a turkey, a ham, tongue, oysters, butter, sugar, coffee, tea, etc. It was very easy to dress one's self at one's leisure, in anticipation of an evening given up to music, recitation, and social conversation with other members whose distant homes precluded frequent intercourse; and a great deal pleasanter than to be stuffing

a big turkey, and superintending its roasting, and rushing off with it at supper-time in order to have it smoking hot, with a secret wonder if Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Brown who were such perfect cooks, would see that little charred spot on its breast-bone, which careless Mary Ann had effected by means of a too brisk oven. Well, to cut a long story short, the entertainment was a success. All had a pleasant and profitable evening, and not merely those who, on former occasions, sat at supper and ate twice the value of their admission fee, while pretty maidens trudged to and fro in attendance, and tired matrons superintended relays of viands in a hot, steamy kitchen, amid the clatter of dishes and the bewildering demands of over-wrought waitresses. But how much did you raise? you impatiently ask. Do give a guess. Seven dollars, think you? or twenty-seven? or even forty-seven? My dear sister, they raised seventy-four dollars! And I think you might be a member of that church a long time before you would be asked to give a ten pound ham, or a delicious great chicken pie, and then pay fifty cents for the privilege of sitting down and eating a piece of it. I said I thought this incident carried its own moral with it. Do you think it does, dear sister? and shall we profit by it?—*Life and Light.*

OUR BLESSINGS.

[NOTE.—An hour at a railroad station, which might have proved tedious, was made helpful by the meeting of a Baptist Secretary who afterwards sent this leaflet as a memento of the chance? meeting.—ED.

A few handfuls of pennies and nickels heaped together, interspersed with silver dimes, and now and then, perhaps, a more pretentious quarter or half dollar. Just the common coins of the United States, with not even the shining fresh-from-the-mint-look to attract our attention. And yet these pieces of money are very uncommon. They mean more to us than so many dollars and cents; more than the necessities or pleasures we might get in exchange for them. They mean—our blessings.

Each piece of money stands as a thank-offering for some blessing that has come to us during the days of the year that has passed away. With this thought the coins become resplendent in brightness, and each dull copper penny shines with as fair a lustre as that of the gleaming white silver.

We must all acknowledge some blessings, even though no wonderful prosperity or power or fame has befallen us; because a blessing is any means of happiness that may come to us.

What have our blessings been? If the silent Indian heads on the pennies could only speak, what stories of the heart they would unfold to us! Some of the pennies, perhaps, bespeak the blessing of good crops; others may have been dropped into the tiny boxes for the delight a new gown has given us; or because the cakes and the pies came out of the oven "just lovely." Pennies for days of vacation and rest; pennies for a real hard day's work; pennies for self-control; pennies for contentment. Thank-offerings for the blessing of home, and for all the dear ones there. Certain shining silver pieces would ring out the blessing of love.

Have not the days of sunshine brought happiness to us? It may have been the warm rays of the sun, or the whispering breeze in the tree-tops, the sweet breath of the flowers, or the singing of the birds that brought the blessing the weary spirit needed.

Perhaps the blessing came with the

shadows of the evening. It may have been when the moon rose high in the heavens, flooding the night with its soft beauty, then in the stillness, that peace and blessing were ours. Night brings the blessing of repose and sleep—"tired nature's sweet restorer." For our waking and our sleeping hours, we wish the pennies had been more.

One of our greatest blessings is health, strong physical powers. Do we realize what a blessing these are? Not so very long ago I heard one, who crippled by disease, has not taken a step for years, but whose sunny smile is a blessing to all around her, compare herself with another, almost perfectly helpless, bedridden, aged, with dim eyes, with trembling hands. Oh! what a blessing she felt it to be that she could "use her hands"—even so little—the poor shapeless hands!

If the aged one had been questioned, she too would have told of her blessings. Truly no money can buy this blessing—no money can suffice as a thank-offering. In the vigor of our strength we can only cry, "Lord take my hands, my feet, my life, my strength, use them all for thy glory!"

As the days have gone by I fancy our hearts have been thrilled and our thoughts turned heavenward by the unconscious act or word of a friend.

"Whenever a noble deed is wrought,
Whenever is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise."

And I am sure the pennies have been given most lovingly for the blessing of dear friends.

"Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low."

Happiness has come to us in the meeting of friends; in journeyings by sea and mountain side; in driving through the beautiful country, over hill and dale, and along the banks of the flowing river. We have known the blessing of snow and frost, of the sun and the showers, the abundant blessings of the earth—seed time and harvest. Some of these may now be but sweet memories of the past; some may have been quickly followed by sorrow. Have we had the grace of God in our hearts, sufficient to know the blessing of sorrow? Have we felt the blessing of the Lord, which maketh rich, and to which no sorrow is added?

Many and unspeakable blessings have come to us with the retnrn of each Sabbath; in the words of life we have listened to, bringing love and joy and peace to our hearts, the blessed knowledge of our sins washed away in the blood of Christ; the blessing of an unfaltering trust, perhaps; of communion with God; the blessing of prayer; the blessing of the hymn of praise.

So many blessings! So unworthy! Yet the Lord thinketh upon me, to bless me thus abundantly. We can but bow our hearts, and say with the Psalmist of old, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"

Now we come to the ingathering of the blessing boxes. We bring this offering with grateful hearts, praying our Heavenly Father for his blessing upon it; praying Him to guide and direct its use; praying that by means of it some child of sin, burdened with doubts and fears, may be brought into the "fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." C. M. C.

A leaflet published by the W. B. F. M. S.

I asked the New Year for some motive sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet;
I asked, and paused; he answered soft and low
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried.
And ere the question into silence died,
The answer came, "Nay, this remember, too,
God's will to do."

Once more I asked, "Is there no more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell;
"Yea, this one thing all other things above,
God's will to love." *Selected.*

Missionary Correspondence.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

CAIRO, DECEMBER 1893.

DEAR FRIENDS:

ESTERDAY while visiting at a Mohammedan house I met a man, with his two sons, who had lived for many years in the Medenet, (the Mohammedan holy city). He had just returned to Cairo the evening before after, as he said, thirty years absence, and found the city so changed that he could scarcely find his way to the house of an old friend. He had been a servant in the Haret Es Sakkaeen school when Miss Hart was in charge, and left the country soon after her terrible death (caused by the explosions of a can of petroleum.) The school was scattered, and the Coptic priests took the teacher and began a school, hoping by this to prevent the missionaries from reopening.

This man said that he knew all about us; that we were good people, and that our religion was just the same as his except that we did not say, "Mohammed is the apostle of God." He spoke with pride of *their* names as written in the Holy City (El Medenet), doubtless thinking that for this reason they were *sure* of a place in Paradise. I read and explained a portion of scripture, but seeing they were more interested in other things, I took my departure. This led me to think of the history of the school. This man had said that it had perished with the death of the missionary then in charge. But it was God's work and must go on even though the workers perish from the earth.

Hundreds of girls have passed through this school and not one of them but had opportunity of hearing of God's love to perishing sinners and the way of salvation through Christ. Many of these girls were followers of the false prophet. The seed of eternal life has been sown by earnest workers faithfully and prayerfully and often with tears. It has been scattered far and wide. As far as I know of those who were pupils in the school, or in some way connected with it, at least thirty-three have joined the church here or in other places where they have gone. Some have died, of whom we have hope that they were saved. Several expressed a desire to unite with the church, but for reasons beyond their control were prevented from doing so. Two Mohammedan men on their death-beds spoke of Christ as their Saviour. These men had children in the school. I have met with women in many places who were once pupils in this school, and they love to talk about it, often remembering precious truths they had learned in it. Others seem to have forgotten all they learned, except perhaps the Lord's prayer and it may be a verse or two of scripture, but their recollections of the school are pleasant.

I have recently met with a most earnest, interesting woman who learned to read when Miss Hart had charge of the school many years ago. She was married, when only a little girl, to a man who knew not how to read. He took her to a village some distance from Cairo where she lived among strangers, and where she had no one to teach her or talk to her about religion. Her mother-in-law often beat her and was very unkind, but she found great comfort in reading her Bible. It was her only solace and comfort. I was surprised to find how well she knows and understands God's word. A number of the girls now in the school are daughters of for-

pupils of the same school. Of these, two are little Mohammedan girls, who attend the Sabbath-school very regularly.

We have, in connection with the school, a missionary society which has been in existence eleven years, and has helped to support a Bible woman most of that time, besides doing some other work. It sent to the thank-offering this year about $120. There is also a children's society, which meets every Friday, called the Children's League of Kindness, or as the native girls call it, "The Society to do good." It is very like a prayer-meeting except that there are occasionally, or at stated times, free offerings made, with which they buy material and make clothing for the destitute. The members are asked to pray every day and do good to some one. The organization of this society was the result of a visit from an English lady who came to organize such societies. Most of the children have signed the pledge, and they sometimes wear a bit of blue ribbon to show people that they are teetotelars. There is a great deal of drinking done by their fathers and brothers when in their homes at night, and some distil whisky in their own houses.

There is also a women's prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning in the chapel over the school, and some of the larger girls are permitted to attend if they wish. Usually eight or ten of them are present and sometimes take part in the meeting. On Friday after school we have a meeting for the Sabbath-school teachers, and every morning before school there is a teachers meeting for prayer.

Doubtless we have our trials and discouragements, but the Lord has been very gracious to us. Last week we had the pleasure of visiting one of the former pupils and teachers in the school, at her village home some distance from Cairo. Her husband helped her to get the dinner, took care of the baby and sat with us at the table. He is very much like an American gentleman in his treatment of his wife. He had lived for nine years with a devoted Holland missionary and his wife, who have a school and a little church in this village, and he said he intended to treat his wife as this missionary treated his. They have a happy home. They are a very small couple as to size, she being almost a dwarf. Speaking about their small house, said he, "Things should harmonize—a small husband, a small wife, a small baby and a small house."

We miss Nuzlice, but I am glad she is so happy. Three of the teachers of this school have married this year, and I wish they were all as happy as she. The other two did not marry in the Lord, but were unequally yoked with unbelievers, and how could they expect to be happy? Girls do not have the choosing of their husbands in this country, and are therefore in a measure excusable if they are not what they should be.

Yours in the Master's service,

M. A. SMITH.

FOREIGN NEWS BUDGET.

MARY B. REID.

Miss Elizabeth G. Gordon writes from Jhelum, date Dec. 12, as follows:

I have the pleasure to send you this month's News Budget, hoping that it may be acceptable. You will be glad to know that our Missionary party reached Bombay, Nov. 25, and arrived in the mission field on the 30th. Their locations having been appointed in October, they will settle down as soon as practicable. My niece is located in Jhelum with me, which you may be assured is a great comfort.

Miss McCahon says:

Last Sabbath, our Sabbath-school lesson was

about being kind to one another. The picture illustrating the lesson represented a little girl giving bread to a ragged girl and boy. As we get our pictures from home, of course these were all white children. Our girls were very much surprised, and some of them asked, "Why, are there poor people amongst the English?" The English people to them represent the rich and ruling race. It seemed very hard for them to realize that there are any of them really poor.

Miss Mame Martin writes:

We are out in camp now. We have been out two weeks and this is our fifth encampment. Of course I have nothing to tell but incidents of camp life, and it seems to me that so far our tour has been unusually monotonous and devoid of any interesting incidents. The interest manifested and the condition of the work is fairly good. We have had seventy-five baptisms since starting out, and practically two new villages have been opened up. In one of them we found one Christian.

Our little store of medicines is in active demand I think there is perhaps not so much fever this fall as there often is (though there is a good deal of it), but colds and coughs seem to be especially prevalent. Our big bottle of cough mixture has been exhausted, and to-day I had to send it to the hospital to be replenished.

One little incident which happened yesterday interested me. A woman, who was in here receiving instruction preparatory to baptism, had some of her children along. We noticed that her little boy (it was her eldest) had one half of his head shaved. On inquiring the cause of this, the mother told us that they having had no son were very anxious for one, so they promised God if he would give them a son they would keep the half of his head shaved. After we had talked to her a little while about it and explained that God did not require any such thing of them, she promised either to shave all of his head or let the hair all grow.

We have had beautiful weather so far for camp life, clear and cold. But this morning it was quite cloudy, and I am afraid our good weather will not last very much longer.

The out-coming missionaries have landed at Bombay, and are perhaps now at Gurdaspur. We expect to see most of them in a few days, as we are going to drive into Sialkot from camp for a day or two next week. We shall be very glad to welcome them and only wish they were bringing more with them. Dec. 1, 1893.

Mrs. Cummings writes:

We are just finishing our last camping tour through Pasrur district. It has been a pleasant one in many ways, even though the camels did throw their loads. Tents had to be put up by candle light, and dinner had to be delayed till 9 p. m. each time we moved. We found decided improvement in one village, where the pastor's wife had taught the women well and had started a missionary society among them. Rev. Lytle and party are now at Sialkot, and we hope soon to see them at Pasrur. Then for a change, we will pack up all our possessions and move (usually we pack only a part) for the hills or for camp.

Perhaps some of you remember the account of the Mohammedan Maulvie who was baptized, then went back and afterward repenting confessed his sin. He has since been living in his own village, and his influence seems to be good there. Next Sabbath, his wife and children are to be baptized. It was on their account that he went back after his own baptism.

These cold chilly mornings when we sit about the fire in heavy flannels trying to keep warm, our hearts go out to these poor little children in their cotton garments, or in none at all. Yet they do not seem to feel the cold as much as we. Several times have we seen women down by the pools of water washing the cloths which they wore down. After they are all washed, they put them on again and let them dry on their bodies as they walk home. Or we have seen two men each holding the corner of a freshly washed turban walking along with it flapping in the wind between them. Dec. 6, 1893.

Mrs. Barr writes:

It is the cold season and we are again out in the district traveling from village to village. The roads, or rather *paths*, owing to the late heavy rains, are very bad. The government requires the villagers to keep a road open between each village, but they are never repaired; are often plowed over, if through fields, and often they are narrow paths with low walls on each side, which during the rainy season form a course for the water, which washes out great holes. Some times if the land is low, a swamp is formed, and as the village cattle pass out daily to pasture, ridges are formed, which at this season are dry and hard. Driving over such places is like driving over corduroy roads at home.

We have had the pleasure of the company of Dr. White and her assistant, a couple of weeks, as she traveled with her dispensary tent across a part of our district. She treated hundreds of patients daily, to all of whom the gospel message was made known. It was very amusing to see the chagrin of the men who gathered about the tents when told that the medicine was only for the women. For once, the women had the preference. At one large town, some one stole into the dispensary tent when the Doctor's back was turned, and put some poison into one of the bottles of medicine that was standing on the table. She detected it at once, and no harm resulted to any of the patients. She reported the matter to the Deputy Commissioner, who was at the time at Zafarwal. He was very indignant, and immediately sent officers to investigate the case. We hope the culprit will be found.

The Doctor left us a week ago, going on into the Pasur district, and we are now alone. We miss our young ladies in the work very much. I am trying to look after it among the women, but find it hard work. Sometimes I am cheered by finding those who are making progress, and again discouraged by those who are not. For instance, yesterday and the day before, the work was encouraging, but to-day it is just the opposite.

Recent letters tell that Dr. Maria White has been obliged to postpone the time of her departure for home on account of illness. It is presumed that the over fatigue of a farewell itinerating trip through the surrounding districts was too much for her strength, a larger number of women than usual flocking to her for relief from their distresses.

We regret the non-arrival of the Egyptian part of our budget, but cull a few items from private letters.

Miss Jamieson writes of pleasant exercises in the school with which she is connected, showing that Egyptian children are quite as fond of giving surprises to their teachers as are American children.

Mrs. Henry and baby spent Christmas

with the friends in Alexandria, her visit occasioned by needed treatment for her eyes.

Our last Egyptian missionary young women are making good use of vacation days in getting ready for their Arabic examinations, which take place in February during the Association meeting at Assiout.

Miss Anna Y. Thompson in speaking of her work, says:

During the past year I have made 1201 visits, given 877 lessons, attended 122 prayer-meetings for women, beside the meetings of missionary societies. But where are the results? So far as I know two women have professed their faith in Christ. Is the fault in me or in those who pray for me?

We would console this dear sister with the thought that she is only responsible for the sowing of the good seed to the best of her ability. The Lord will bring the harvest in his own time, but let all the friends at home pray more importunately for the out-pouring of the Spirit upon the labors of those who are patiently and faithfully laboring in our far-away fields in Egypt and India. We are co-workers at home and abroad for the evangelization of the world, and may we never forget that earnest prayer is the one thing that is acceptable to the Father in heaven in behalf of the labor of our hands.

Young People's Department.

TO THE JUNIOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES, GREETINGS.

Dear Friends:—We are now fairly started on another year's work. Sound the bugle call. Rally! Rally! Rally! to the standard of our King. Let us make 1894 a memorable year in the history of our work. During this year we want to cultivate a greater interest in missions:

1st. By increasing our knowledge regarding the work. "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to the harvest."

2nd. By prayer for missions. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

3rd. By our gifts. "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that though he was rich yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

4th. By personal effort in bringing others into our societies and seeking to win them for Christ. "Let him that heareth say come." In other words, study, give, pray, work.

(Outline lessons and helps will be found in each issue of the MAGAZINE.)

HOW THE JUNIORS CAN HELP.

"A little child shall lead them."—Is. 11:6.
Scripture lesson, 2 Kings 5: 1-16.

Let the children answer the following questions:

1. How many Junior societies in our Presbytery?
2. How many should there be?
3. Who is secretary of Junior work?
4. Who is General secretary of Junior work?
5. How can we help in our India mission?
6. How can we help in our Egyptian mission?
7. How can we help in the Freedmen's mission?

8. How can we help in our Home mission?

One of the members recite:

"We're a happy mission band;
Pearls we seek along the strand
Pearls more precious far than gold;
Pearls whose value ne'er was told.

At home are little children fair,
For those dear souls no one doth care,
We'll try to show them the true way
To love the Saviour, and to pray.

On foreign shores are millions more;
We want to teach them to adore
The precious Saviour while they may;
Yes, love and *trust him*, and obey."

There are many things that you can do to lead your little heathen brothers and sisters to adore the precious Saviour, but I want to tell you of *one* that is worth all the rest:

"One night there was a great storm at sea, and a little girl who lived on the seashore was awakened by the howling of the wind, the driving of the rain, and the solemn boom of the breakers at the foot of the cliff. Realizing the peril of the 'storm-tossed on the sea' the dear child cried out, 'Mamma, Mamma, if yon will pray to God for the big ships, I will speak a word to Him for the *little* boats.'"

That's it, dear Juniors! You can *pray* for your *little* friends. Pray that they may be led to know and love the Lord.

Some one repeat,

"Remember every little mite
Every little measure
Helps to spread the light
Helps to swell the treasure."

Another way to help is to do as a little boy did in one of our mission schools, of whom his mother said:

"It was not the sermons I heard that moved my heart. It was my boy who came home from the mission school, and with tears in his eyes begged me to go to heaven with him. Night after night he wept for me, until at last when it came New Year's and I was cleaning up my house, I said, 'I will make a clean sweep and have my heart as well as my house clean; for when a child is so interested in my soul, it is time I took some care for myself.'"

And again as the little Mexican girl who lead her grandpa to know that Jesus came into this world to seek and save sinners:

A STORY OF THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL IN MEXICO.

"Well, Panchita," said old Don Manuel to his little grand-daughter, "what did you learn at the Protestant Sabbath-school to-day?"

"Ah, *papacito*, see my *catecismo* that the senora gave me! I shall get a lesson in it every Sabbath. Then she will give a pretty card for a premium. Go with me next Sabbath, dear grandpa. I want you to hear the pretty songs and—"

"We are Catholics, Panchita, and the priest tells me that these Protestants are heretics; that they will teach you wrong things. I must take you to mass next Sabbath."

"No, no, grandpa! I think it can not be wrong."

"Well, child, run and play while I look at your book."

"He began at "Who made you?" Nothing to criticise up to the Ten Commandments. These, however, were very different. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them." He had never heard this before. He read over the ten as he found them in Panchita's book, then quietly repeated to himself the ten as he had learned them when a boy, thus:

1. Thou shalt love God above all things."
2. Thou shalt not take His holy name in vain.
3. Remember the feast-days, to keep them holy.
4. Honor thy father and thy mother.
5. Thou shalt not kill.
6. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
7. Thou shalt not steal.

8. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

9. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.

"Can that second commandment, as given by the Protestants, be in *La Santa Biblia?*" he said to himself. Don Manuel had a great reverence for the Bible, though he had never read it for himself, and had only been taught mutilated portions. His thoughts were busy with "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. . . . Thou shalt not bow down to them," etc. At last he dedecided he would find out for himself, "For," said he, "if God's word does teach that, then we are wrong."

Sabbath dawned bright and clear. Panchita did not go to mass, as her grandpa had threatened. In most Mexican families the children's wishes and wills carry the day. Partly so it was in this case. Anyway, Panchita's wishing his company to the Protestants' church, gave him an excuse for showing himself there.

An earnest young Mexican preacher was helping in the services, bidding welcome to new-comers and teaching the Bible lesson. Don Manuel sat with the learners. He also stated his desire to know how God's law was written in the Bible, telling his surprise to see the second commandment as it was in "the child's book."

"That sweeps all I know about religion away," he said, after seeing it complete in a Catholic Bible.

The little girl led him to church every Sabbath. He found to his joy that not only was the law different, but so was the gospel, for did not the Good Book teach him to go directly to Christ in confession? "There is one mediator between God and man, Christ Jesus." So his old confession to the priest was given up.

The old man grew in knowledge and in grace. He continued in the joy of God's salvation. After a few years of service in the little congregation of Protestants in the city of M——, God called him home to heaven. The little child led him.—*Wellspring*.

Then follow with a brief talk on giving, time, strength, and gifts, with suggestions as to ways in which Juniors can *earn* money to give.

Some one recite

"We *pity* the heathen children and wish the time were at hand
When the God of the Bible—the only God, shall be honored in every land.

We *pray* for the heathen children in the lands beyond the sea,
For their souls are enslaved by Satan and the gospel can set them free.
But our thoughts and words were nothing, our pity and prayers were vain,
If they lead to no earnest effort to extend the Saviour's reign.
And therefore we give our money our labor and our time,
To advance the glorious kingdom of Jesus in every clime."

The questions in this exercise should be assigned to different members, who should be prepared to give intelligent answers, so as to bring out the lines of work for which the women and children of our church are responsible.

"The Missionary Kitten" found in "Olive Plants" of Feb. 4th, may be used to illustrate the thought of this exercise.

The "Child's Prayer" found on the last page of our "Mission Band Helper" makes an appropriate closing for Junior meetings.

As the time for presbyterial meetings draws near the following question seems pertinent:

Ques.—Do you not think we make our subjects extensive in our meetings? Yes. Several short papers, conferences or discussions in a practical way, will do far more good than one long paper occupying a whole hour.

THE BISHOP'S CONVERSION.

A long looked for and long wished for book has at length arrived. Canon Taylor's adverse criticism of the style of living of foreign missionaries, found an echo in the hearts of some good people in every denomination. Between the typical American home and a home in India or Egypt a chasm exists which must be bridged by faith—faith in those we send out as our representatives. Still we have often longed for some one with a gift for story telling to present to us in as realistic a manner as possible, life in one of our foreign mission fields—life, not as seen through the veil of romance from a distance of several thousand miles, but the real every day life of our missionaries.

Bishop Thoburn in his introduction to the Bishop's Conversion says: "Practical missionaries have nothing to fear and much to hope from a truthful presentation of their work to the Christian public. It is a work which will bear inspection, or perhaps it would be more to the point to say that it *demands* inspection. Christian people in America should make it a matter of personal duty to acquaint themselves with everything that pertains to this, the leading enterprise of the coming century, the most sacred enterprise of all centuries."

The author, Mrs. Ellen Blackmar Maxwell, has laid the scene in India which was her missionary home for many years. This is fortunate, as India is a most prominent mission field, although "all missions to non-Christian countries possess many important features in common." There is a very slender thread of romance which serves to hold together the incidents, many of which are recitals of actual occurrences; many of them amusing, and many more pathetic in the extreme. Bishop Clinton and his wife hearing "this talk of luxury and ineffectual work among missionaries" plan to spend a year in India that they may "put a stop either to the talk or to the cause of it."

We quote from Mrs. Clinton's experience in zenana visiting as the hot season came on:

"All work went on with great effort, and none more laboriously than the zenana work in which Mrs. Clinton had interested herself. She liked it; it was attractive work—in the two months of bearable weather—but after that each week she left more and more to Georgiana, the Bible woman, with whom she always went.

Often, as the narrow lanes and byways and open sewers became more overpowering, when the hot stifling little rooms made her gasp for breath, when some interesting child disappointed her, or some woman in whom she believed, and of whom she had grown fond, developed startling proclivities to evil—often Mrs. Clinton would compare her old romantic ideas of zenana visiting with the reality and wonder how she could have been so mistaken. Sometimes she would blame the missionaries who had told of this life, that they had left the shadows to the imagination.

But she forgot that the worst, the saddest, the most terrible things are those that from their very nature could not be told from a public platform, and even if they could, would a good soldier ever tell of the difficulties? Hardly, for it is too much like sounding his own praises.

Perhaps she finally saw this, but she determined that when she saw zenana missionaries standing on platforms and telling of dearly bought victories as though they were a simple matter of course, she would rise and tell the people to fill in all that imagination would allow them of details, of dificulties, of sickening odors, of constant contagion, of stifling air that brings a deadly faintness to the body, of vile lives whose details are so confused with the heat and the stench that one can hardly tell which it is that most fills one with loathing of life.

She would tell them this and of the go-

ing through all this and more, upheld by the dire need of those people for something better, and by the certain indications that good was being done, until perhaps an unthinking, meaningless word arouses suspicion in these ever suspicious minds, and the doors in these walls are closed and nothing can open them, and the zenana teacher is crushed by the thought that perhaps because of her own imperfect teaching those that she thought emerging into light have sunk back into darkness and obscurity."

The native style of living practised by members of the Salvation Army and others, and which the Punjab Mission *News* pithily says may be called a *style of dying* rather than a *style of living*, is well depicted in the following:

"Rokewood [who is trying to live as the natives do] came wearily up the steps [of the mission house] with his valise in his hand as usual and sank down into a chair, took off his topi, and fanned himself without speaking. Seeing he was ghastly pale, Mackenzie [a regular missionary] asked anxiously:

"What is the matter? You look so completely fagged."

"That is just it! I am fagged, exhausted; I did not want to wait at the station for anything to eat, for in addition to the cost of breakfast I would have had to take a gari, for by the time I had eaten it would have been too hot to walk."

Mackenzie uttered an exclamation of impatience, went out quickly and said to the servant:

"Here, bearer, bring a glass of milk at once for the Padri Sahib, and having done this prepare tea and toast at once, and mind that you bring it hot."

And taking the milk he strode back to Rokewood, who took it and drank it eagerly. Then Mackenzie, whose face was as stern as his voice, said:

"What do you mean by risking your life in this manner? Do you think it no sin to commit suicide?

Rokewood smiled faintly.

"Of course I think it wrong, and even if I did not I would not do it. I love life too well."

"But if you take a course that your common sense tells you, or ought to tell you, is calculated to kill you, how do you differ from Sita Ram, who killed himself yesterday in the bazaar with a knife? He did what he believed would kill him in a short time; you do what will kill you just as surely though it may take a little longer to do it!"

"Something like that seemed to strike me for the first time as I came along. I suppose there is a limit to what we can stand, and I begin to think the limit is much sooner reached here than in any other country in the world; and God wants men to live, not to die for him. There are not too many workers."

"Too many? They are counted by tens where they should be counted by hundreds, and whoever unnecessarily risks lessening the number sins."

This was said with indignant energy. The tea was brought and then Mackenzie asked "What are you going to do today? Tell me quickly for I must be off."

"O, I hope to sell fifty rupees worth of books. I am behind in my subscriptions for the leper asylum and I must make it up. That was really why I did not take a gari."

"Well I have this to say, Rokewood," said Mackenzie, firmly, "you shall not go out through the heat today unless you hire a gari; there is too much fever and cholera about. You are staying with me and I will be no party to such absolute recklessness."

"Perhaps I will today, but you know I cannot do it often and live on my prescribed allowance. You men that take the full amount forget that we cannot do as you do."

"Nor could you, my dear fellow, live on your prescribed allowance if *we* did."

Rokewood looked surprised. "I do not understand," he said, simply.

"You will pardon me I know for finally saying what I have kept back so long for fear of seeming inhospitable and rude. But when you urge us to try and live on what you are living, remember that if we were not prepared to give you good food when you are going from station to station you would exceed your allowance; that you are really not living on your income but upon ours. Much of your work is done when you are staying with missionaries who could not give you entertainment if they tried to live on the miserable pittance you do, and when with us you do not live on native food which makes it an unfair test with regard to that; and when you say you live on native food and in native style, and thus save out of your allowance enough to educate a boy, you are not stating the truth".

"Upon my word I never thought of it in that way. I hope you will believe me, but it is so much the custom for us to stay with each other."

"Of course we want you to come. I beg of you, dear Rokewood, don't look so hurt and do be wise and sensible. Get a gari and do your work, and mind you are to come back promptly at eleven for breakfast;" and he went off hurriedly.

* * * * * *

At six in the evening Rokewood drove into the compound just as Mackenzie was starting for the regular meeting. "I have sold double the number of books to-day that I hoped—Bibles to Hindoos, stories of the gospels to Mohammedans, and any number of medical books. I have had a capital day though I am tired out."

"You can thank me, for it is no doubt part due to the fact that you took my advice and did no walking, but saved your time and strength for your sales. Come with me if you are not too tired ——". Rokewood was interested in it all and spoke strong words of encouragement, but he looked so pale and tired that Mackenzie took him away before the close under the conviction that he had probably had no dinner even if he had had breakfast. As they got into the gari Mackenzie said; "We will go home to dinner. I thought from your appearance it would be better than staying longer."

"It is not really necessary on my account" said Rokewood a little stiffly." "I do not wish to put you to unnecessary trouble, and in fact I would have stayed at the surai if I had had my valise with me." Mackenzie winced; he knew his words of the morning had not been forgotten. "Now Rokewood I call that very unfair of you, for in your heart you know I want you here——but now own up, Rokewood, did you not have a luxurious breakfast?" Rokewood laughed as he answered, "I had the same as the people for whom I am laboring had—puris and parched grain."

"And for tiffin?"

"More puris and grain."

Mackenzie gave his pony a cut with the whip but said nothing.

"You see," added Rokewood apologetically, "I got so interested in my sales that I forgot all about breakfast until it was too late to come back to you, besides as I wished to go on to Allahabad tonight, I felt I must not leave anything undone that I could do. I shall not have a chance to sell Bibles to these men in Lucknow for a long time again."

"Well," said Mackenzie in despair "I give it up. If you knowing all you are risking are willing to go the whole day with puris, which are about as wholesome as shoe leather, and grain, which in connection with puris is about as nourishing as gravel stones, it is useless to try to teach you wisdom. You must do your own work in your own way and may God care for you for you will not care for yourself!"

"God does and will care for me; my part is only to obey Him."

"Yes," said Mackenzie, "We have each only to do that, but I cannot think you have obeyed Him to-day."

Then they talked of the different messages that come to different men, and each acknowledged that God's call to His servants must be different according to different natures and the varied forms of the work He required done in the world.

About ten Rokewood went off in Mackenzie's gari to the station, intending to sleep there in the waiting-room and take the three o'clock train for Allahabad; and Mackenzie went to bed.

About three o'clock Mackenzie was aroused from the heavy suffocating slumber that comes only at its worst in the rains when the punkah is stopped for a few moments and the blood settles in the brain and around the spinal cord with the effect of wishing to burst the veins and force itself to the surface. Gasping and struggling for breath he called out to the punkah coolie to know the reason of the stopping of his work.

"Preserver of the poor, a gari has come."

"Who is it?"

"It is I, Rokewood," said a faint voice, "and I have cholera just as you feared; call the bearer and let me out."

"I can lift you; here, gariwan, help me. We are good for two of your size." And a few minutes after, the sick man was in Mackenzie's own bed, the gariwan was driving swiftly away for the doctor, and Mackenzie was applying the ever-ready cholera remedies. As the pain eased Rokewood spoke freely.

"How long had you been ill? You surely did not come as soon as you were ill?" asked Mackenzie sorely distressed and with the peculiar pain of having his worst fears confirmed, a sort of responsibility coming from foreknowledge.

"No; I waited thinking I would be better; I did not think it serious; when I saw I was getting worse I came; I knew you would take care of me."

"Of course, but if you had only come at first, the very first moment you felt ill!"

"Yes, yes; but its all right. I'll pull through this time. I am already better; the pain is less."

Mackenzie made no reply; he did not need to see the set face of the doctor who soon came, to tell him of the grave doubt as to the possibility of the patient pulling through.

* * * * * *

Poor Rokewood's life was going out swiftly. Young, just beginning to work for God, eager and bold and ready for the hardest fight, the thickest of the fray, happiest when he had something difficult to do for the great master whom he loved, and yet before the morning had passed, before the dew was off the grass, before the freshness was off the trees, before the mists had fled, he was going, and hundreds in Lucknow, men who had lived only for self, were alive and going out for the day's work or pleasure as the case might be.

"Rokewood," said Mackenzie, as the dying man seemed easier and brighter, "you are very ill."

He turned his eyes quickly.

"Am I in danger? Will I recover?"

"The doctor said it is always safe to make our final arrangements in case of —"

"But what did he say? Will I get well or not?" interrupted Rokewood, quietly.

"My dear Rokewood, we fear you may not recover, but we know you are in God's hands and not in ours. He knows, we do not; but we know you are ready either to live or die as he wills."

"Yes, yes; but it is strange. I did not think I would die until I was old; I am young, and I have done so little, so little. Do you think, Mackenzie"—with increas-

ing feebleness—"He will count what I was ready to do—what I wanted to do for Him?"

"Yes, yes, dear Rokewood," in a voice he strove to make steady." "Why not? It is our wills he wants and surely you have given him yours."

"Our wills are thine," he murmured. "Yes; I gave my will up to him years ago when I was on the farm, before I went to college; and mother, she was proud of her missionary son, prouder of him than of the others, with all their money;" and he rested, dreaming a little.

Mackenzie after giving him medicine, again called his attention to any message or arrangements.

With an effort he brought his mind back from old days on the quiet farm.

"Tell mother and father that I had rather live as I have lived and die as I have died than to have been a king; it is glorious! What terror has death for me? None. It is only to be dying a moment and then eternity with Him who died for me." And then a long pause.

"Rokewood, dear friend, I spoke sharply to you this morning; forgive me; I did it because I loved you and wanted to save you from this—." He caught himself, that was not just what he meant to say.

"Christ saved me" Rokewood said feebly. "Forgive? It was nothing, and you have stood by me nobly. You will find my mother's last letter with the address in my trunk, and all the accounts of the leper asylum and the subscriptions; they are all there; and, you will write."

Then gently as a child goes to sleep on his mother's arms his life went out.

At sunset a lonely little procession passed out to the cemetery beside the river, and the body was placed in the unconsecrated ground outside, among the unbaptized, among all who are not of the church sanctioned by government.

Each one mourned genuinely for the great soul that had departed; mourned that the number seeking to plant the standard of the cross was lessened by one.

Was his life wasted? Who shall say? The disciples objected to the breaking of the box of costly perfume."

[The above has been abridged and consequently some of the very best parts omitted.]

We cannot refrain from making another quotation which refers to the trials peculiar to parents in mission lands. When Mrs. Clinton found that while visiting in a zenana accompanied by her little daughter Lillian, the child all unconscious of her danger had been exposed to small-pox "the full terribleness of life in India for the first time seized hold upon her. And she felt she was not isolated in her agony. Nearly every missionary wife was a mother, and while fearless for themselves none could escape this deadly fear for their dear ones. They could give their own lives, they could risk the horror of infection for themselves, but what of risking lives that had been committed to them? They could pass in and out of the zenanas and schools, subject to contagion from loathsome and deadly diseases, with light hearts and clear, unfurrowed brows, but how could they go on as they had year after year, knowing that there was no likelihood whatever of all the dear little feet walking straight and unharmed through the terrible ordeal? She seemed to see all the hundreds of men and women, brave and faithful, who had trod these paths of thorns with torn and bleeding feet, but without one murmur or even one thought of heroism. And she—she had been blind; but now with clear vision she saw that many a mother that could be brave and cheerful in daylight, in action, when faith could be upheld by the energy of work, dreaded the long hot nights when sleep was impossible, when

she could only feel her empty arms, that ached more from their emptiness than ever they did with the weight of the dear burden, and could only see the pained distorted face of her darling appealing to her through the darkness; and many a father who as he went about his work could rest in firm confidence on his call to help evangelize the world, at midnight could only turn on his bed with suppressed groans because of the bitter loss, and because of a sense of injustice done to the helpless, loving little things in exposing them to disease that had resulted in sudden and sharp, or in lingering and painful death.

There were little graves in Bariel-ly in Shahpehanpoor, in Cawnpoor, in Lucknow, here and there all over India, whose little white stones she seemed to see gleaming through the distance with reproach. They seemed to be saying: "We are a part of that easy, luxurious life that they have said our mothers have led. We are a part of the sacrifice of burnt-offering. Our mothers gave themselves and us, that the poor people might learn of Christ; but was it not hard?"

Copies of "The Bishop's Conversion" can be procured from Hunt & Eaton, Publishers, New York, or from Cranston & Stowe, of Cincinnati.

Editorial Department.

Notices.

All remittances of money and letters containing names of new subscribers, or changes of address, should, without exception, be sent to the Treasurer MRS. J. G. CARSON, Xenia, O.

The fact that THE MAGAZINE is sent and received is deemed a sufficient acknowledgment of moneys received for subscription, but a special receipt will be mailed to those desiring it, on sending an addressed postal card.

It is desired that money be sent by draft, post-office or express order, or by registered letter, which may be done at our risk. If postage stamps are sent they *must not* be of a higher denomination than two cents, and should be carefully wrapped so as not to adhere.

Resolutions, notices of death, etc., intended for publication in the MAGAZINE, are charged for at the rate of *one cent per word*, payable in advance. Persons sending in such articles can readily calculate the cost and should remit the money with the subscription.

The Missionary Herald for January tells of Mrs. L. Kaarowahia, who with her husband, both of them native Hawaiians, went as missionary to the Marquesas Islands in 1843. She labored with her husband on those cannibal islands for forty years without ever returning to her native land to visit parents or relatives. Part of the time she lived almost alone, separated from other missionary families. Her hands and her heart were occupied with labors for the natives, by whom she was greatly honored and loved.

Already there is a sound "among the mulberry trees." Letters are being exchanged, plans discussed, subjects proposed, and the officers of the General Missionary society are giving themselves to much work and prayer in behalf of the annual meeting. It is time to pray that God would manifest himself as the "breaker up of the way."

ANNUAL REPORT.

Secretaries, please fill out blanks. Treasurers, send all funds in your treasury to Miss E. J. Sloan, 2170 Liberty St. Pittsburgh, Pa., before April 14, 1894, that the annual report may be complete. Annual report of what? Report of missionary meetings held, prayers offered, songs of hope and songs of sorrow sung, Bible lessons studied; of onward steps taken; of light and love poured into dark sad homes? As well ask to gather up the rain-drops or the petals that fell from the flowers that bloomed last year, or catch the stray sunbeams. It is true; figures tell a marvellous story and show a little stagnant water from the cistern, and a few dried flowers from the garden,

but if one wishes to know the freshness and sweetness of being a co-worker with God in the glorious work of spreading the gospel of His Son, she must keep fellowship with those who labor and wait from month to month, and for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

THANK-OFFERING.

The time for observing our annual Thank-offering service is drawing near. May we not hope that all our societies are planning to make the meeting a profitable one. While it is not absolutely necessary that these meetings be held simultaneously, yet it would add interest to know that throughout the church this service was being participated in by all the societies. The beautiful word picture given in Chronicles may stimulate to cheerful and liberal enjoyment of this service: "Then the people rejoiced for that they offered willingly"—because with perfect heart they offered "willingly to the Lord." Cannot we come up in the same joyful manner to our Thanksgiving service and bring our gifts to the Lord's work?

Unwelcome news has just been received of the burning of the main college building and boys' dormitory, Knoxville. The following telegram was sent the Cor. Sec., Dr. Witherspoon, of the Freedmen's Board, by Dr. J. S. McCullough, president of the college:

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Feb. 16, 1894.

The young men's dormitory and main college building burned last night. Fire first in attic. Cause unknown. Loss total. All other buildings unharmed. Nobody hurt. We shall try to continue the school. J. S. MCCULLOUGH.

The following communication from Knoxville, has reached us just as we go to press.

DEAR FRIENDS:—You no doubt ere this have heard of the great loss to our church by the burning of Knoxville College on the night of the fifteenth. Rescuing all we could, after hearing the alarm of fire, we watched from the window of Miss Wallace's room the progress of the fire-demon as it leaped from hall to hall, and room to room—rooms so lately occupied by happy teachers and students. The cause of the fire we know not, but it is known to Him who reigns, and He, if best, would have led to the quenching of the flames. Earnest heart-prayers went up that the loved college building might be saved, but the cruel flames swept on, and in our hearts the why? why? *would* come. As the blaze wound about the cupola, presently was heard a loud crash and a great thud, which shook the house where we were. "O, the bell!" was exclaimed. This had long done service in calling to duty from hour to hour, in bringing out from the surrounding homes, and from their rooms, the students to the Sabbath services, first in Nashville, then in Knoxville College, since '76. An inanimate worker! Amid all the confusion and anxiety, hopeful words were spoken by the members of the faculty to the students, assuring them that the work would go on. Towards morning, provision was made for all the homeless ones wanting rest. The young men had done nobly in helping. The doors of Elnathan Hall hospitably opened, also the Little Girl's and Boy's Homes. All were so grateful that the flames extended no further, and that no lives were lost. The next two days were such busy ones, gathering scattered property, preparing rooms, and planning and arranging for future work. Elnathan Hall is now crowded, Miss Wallace placing three girls in a room, in some instances four, teachers also rooming together, thus leaving two halls for the young men, who likewise are three in a room. In the Boy's Home are placed others, one large room having ten young men. There are a few also in the outside dormitories. The Sabbath was different from all others before. The large bell, which had so often called us to service in the chapel, was silent in the ashes. The chapel was a ruined, blackened wall. We were called together by a hand bell, rung along the paths by a student. The little boys and girls, accompanied by their respective matrons filed to the large laundry, which has

been prepared for them the day before by putting in rows of chairs. Here services were conducted by Prof. Love.

The adults walked in a subdued, serious manner, to the Mechanical Building, where, in the largest room, chairs had been placed. Here, in a hushed stillness, and with repressed tears, we took our seats. The services were conducted by the revered President and Prof. Millen. When singing.

"Lord God of hosts how lovely
The place where thou dost dwell"—

one could forget the stone floor, bare brick walls, rough rafters, and the sight of appliances of work all about us, and rejoice in God's presence, and the assurance that no good thing will He deny his children.

The primary department of Sabbath School met in the same building in the afternoon, making use of all the available rooms for classes. The classes in the other department were sent to their respec tiive teachers in various rooms in the buldings. There could be no union meeting. At night there were four prayer-meetings, bearing upon the present needs of Knoxville College. Monday brought heavy work for the teachers, classes being taught in laundry, dining-room, reading-room, the study halls, in both the Homes, and in the Mechanical Building. There is hope for better things, and we will "thank God and take courage." AGNES W. SIMPSON.

NOTICE TO PRESBYTERIAL SECRETARIES.

Blanks for the annual reports will be mailed in February to the addresses sent to the secretary as requested. Where no notice has been given of a change of officers, blanks will be mailed to the former secretaries, as published in minutes of 1893. Secretaries, please acknowledge receipt.

MARY W. PORTER, Sec. W. G. M. S.
No. 814 N. Negley Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE MINUTES FUND.

Am,t received, previously acknowledged,.....$472	40
" " during February, from	
Des Moines Pres.—Dexter, Service, 2nd D. M. 3	00
Xenia Pres. 1	00
Sidney Pres.—Unionville Centre..... 1	00
Monongahela Pres. 8	00
Mansfield Pres.—Tiro, 50; Iberia, 1.00..... 1	50
Franklin Pres. 1	00
Philadelphia Pres.—5th Philadelphia..... 1	00
Steubenville Pres.—Richmond..... 1	00
Allegheny Pres. 2	00
Westmoreland Pres.—Braddock Y. L. M. S... 1	00
Whole amount received.....$492	90
Total cost..... 625	25
Still due to the Fund.....$132	35

But two months remain before the meeting of the Women's General Missionary Society at Princeton. It is certainly highly proper, and necessary even, that this debt should be paid in order that the Thank-offering of the societies may be presented acceptably. Will not the Presbyterial Treasurers see to collecting and forwarding what is still due from their societies as reported in the statistical table? MRS. G. J. CARSON, Treas. of Minutes Fund.

STUDIES FOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES FOR 1894.

APRIL.—Missionary Literature.
MAY.—Our Congregational Societies.
JUNE.—The Women's Board and General Society.
JULY.—Mission in Egypt.
AUGUST.—Mission in India.
SEPT.—Home Missions.
OCT.—Warm Springs Mission.
NOV.—Freedmen's Missions.
DEC.—Our Benevolent Institutions and a Review.

PROGRAMME FOR APRIL.

RESPONSIVE READING. The key to all Missionary Literature—Matt .XXVIII, 19, 20.

A little foreign missionary to a leper.—2nd Kings V, 1-14.

A missionary address in the apostolic church.—Acts XVII, 22, 34.

Sing Ps. LXVIII, 7s and 6s, 5, 6, No. 89 Bible Songs.

Prayers.

Paper—Growth of Missionary Literature in the last score of years.

Discussion—Our Women's Missionary Magazine and Literature Committee, their aims and needs.

Sing Ps. LV, S. M., 3, 2, No. 63, Bible Songs.

Lord's prayer in concert.

[As the Thank-offering meetings are of special importance, we republish the programme proper, that no one may fail to see it.—ED.]

INGATHERING OF THANK-OFFERINGS—SUGGESTIONS.

1. Hold your meeting at such an hour during the first week in April as will secure the largest attendance of your congregation, and either open or close the service with a social hour.

2. Advertise the meeting as fully as possible and aim to interest the Young People's and Children's Societies by giving them a special place on the programme.

3. Open your programme with a service of song. Follow with Bible service, either by reading verses responsively, or verses repeated, or a Bible reading with songs interspersed.

4. Have a season for thanksgiving prayers and short personal testimonies, calling on members to thus openly acknowledge God's goodness to them. This service should be spirited and right to the point, having but two or three sentences given from each one, that a large number may engage in it.

5. Have each society in the congregation give a

brief review of its year's work, and its needs for the coming year. (Soliciting new members at close of service.)

6. Have brief answers (prepared beforehand) to the question, "What have we to be thankful for as a result of our church work in Egypt? In India? In the Home field? Among the Indians? Among the Freedmen? In our own congregation? These answers, if given in the form of a brief summary of work done and good accomplished, will prove instructive to the many who fail to read the minutes of the General Missionary Society. Intersperse these with songs, one verse at a time.

7. Call for the bringing into the Lord's Treasury (a labeled basket), the Thank-offerings from boxes and envelopes, while the congregation sing Bible Songs 132, and have the pastor ask God's blessing upon them.

8. Give the offerings to a committee to count and report at close of meeting.

9. A short address from the pastor on, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" or some topic that will bring home to hearts of all the truth that we are not serving the Lord aright *unless we do render thanks unto Him.*

10. Close with singing Bible Songs 126,

To render thanks unto the Lord,
It is a comely thing, &c.

If these suggestions, or others that present themselves to the workers throughout the church, be faithfully carried out, good will surely result to both pastor and people, and to God's cause.

LITERATURE COMMITTEE.

Reports of Societies, Etc.

Monthly Report of The United Presbyterian Women's Association.

January 26, the monthly meeting of the United Presbyterian Womens' Association met, by invitation, in the beautiful new Shady Side church, of which Rev. J. H. McClurkin D. D., is pastor. The attendance was large, and the usual reports from the three institutions were listened to with close attention. We learned that there were 61 children in the Orphans Home. Two had gone out on trial to good homes, and another was expected daily to be sent to a lovely home. Eighteen children applied for admission, but only seven had been received.

Christmas was a merry day at the Home, as Santa Claus made his usual visit, bringing a present for every child. To Mrs. J. M. Guskey we are indebted annually for these gifts, and we doubt whether in the homes of the wealthy any happier children could be found, than those in our Orphans' Home.

The anniversary exercises on New Years' day were full of interest. The Home was decorated with pine. The children, under the leadership of Miss Musgrave, sang and recited admirably. The Home pastor, Dr. J. W. Witherspoon, conducted the devotional exercises, and Rev. J. W. Harsha, of the Fifth church, Pittsburg, gave a most entertaining little "sermon," to the children from the word "watch." Interested friends crowded the Home, thus assuring us of their sympathy with us in the work. Our kind benefactor, Mrs. Alex Henry, sent her usual gift of fifty dollars, with hearty wishes that our children might have a "happy New Year." We also received a most acceptable offer from a young man of the Fifth church, Pittsburg, who wanted to do *something* for the *Master* to relieve us of a barber's bill by doing the work *gratuitously* in the evenings, and he has also donated a barber's chair, which was greatly needed. Mrs. H. C. Campbell, the beloved president of the association, gave a stirring address. She referred, in her usual happy manner, to the work of the past fifteen years and touchingly to the faithful laborers who commenced the work, and having finished their course, had gone to their reward.

Our treasurer, Mrs. M. J. Steele, also received since our last meeting a $5.00 gold piece from a bereaved mother whose little daughter received it as a Christmas gift on the *first* and *only* Christmas she spent on earth, and the mother wishes it to be used for the benefit of the children in our Home.

Mrs. Jean S. Sands, the secretary of the Memorial Hospital, reported eight children in the Hospital, and all moving along satisfactorily. They too had received many donations during the month and specially during the holiday season. A Christmas tree, prepared by a society of "Kings Daughters," brightened the sick ward and was so pleasant for the little sufferers to look at during the long days.

The corresponding secretary of the Home for Aged People, Miss E. D. Brown, told that there were in the Home twelve dear old ladies. Another had passed away during the month, a Mrs. Waugh, member of the Third church, Pittsburgh. Her pastor, Rev. J. T. McCrory, conducted the funeral services and she was laid to rest in the lot in

Uniondale cemetery which has been kindly donated to the Home by the Cemetery Board.

It was reported, with feelings of deep gratitude, that the sum of $2500 more had been paid on the debt of the Home. The secretary asked that, in this report to the Women's Magazine, it be suggested that all donations *except money* to the Home for Aged People, be sent direct to the Home, on Penn ave., and Alfred St., Wilkinsburg, Pa., as it saves delay and expense of transportation.

The full report of the amount of sales and collections for the last Bazaar in December was reported as follows:

Dining room	$1,403.97
Fancy booth	715.11
Common sense	380.29
Candy	338.78
Art room	292.00
Ice cream	288.45
Aids tickets	267.70
Doll table	230.74
Fruit and flowers	215.97
Check room	62.15
Golden goose	60.60
Lemonade	44.25
Literature	30.00
Scales	20.75
Donations	35.00
Association collection	40.27
	$4,427.03
Expenses	408.21
Net Receipts	$4,018.82

DISBURSEMENTS.

Home for Aged People	$1,500.00
Orphans' Home	1,000.00
Memorial Hospital	1,000.00
The Association	518.82
By order of the Association,	$4,018.82

M. F. REED, Cor. Sec.

Report of Women's Board, Feb. 6, 1894.

Twelve members present at the regular meeting, held Feb. 6. President presided.

FOREIGN.

Secretary reported the safe arrival of Rev. D. S. Lytle and party in India. Miss Ella M. Gordon has been located at Jhelum, by the mission association, and Miss Lawrence at Sialkot. On account of illness, Dr. Maria White has been obliged to delay her departure for home. The ship company with which she had engaged passage will kindly transfer her to a later steamer. The secretary also reported that Dr. Mary A. Platter had been secured to take charge of Dr. White's work during a period of rest. It is regretted that the approaching tropical heat prevents Dr. Platter being immediately dispatched to the field. In the interim pending her arrival, heavy burdens must rest on the shoulders of Dr. Johnston, who will have the medical work of three stations to look after.

HOME.

Secretary reports the request from Ravenswood, Ill., that we take charge of this mission.

Miss Glenn, of Sioux City, reports having made 122 calls; attendance at school, 58.

Miss McCool, of Indianapolis, gives an account of the conversion of 14 young girls; had made 74 calls in two weeks; 180 pupils in Sabbath-school. This will be Miss McCool's last report from Indianapolis, she having been transferred to Topeka, Kansas.

Miss Curry reports briefly from San Francisco.

Mrs. Maria H. Gaston reports from Tacoma; stormy weather; made 70 visits.

Report from Warm Spring Indians: A great deal of sickness among the Indians. Miss Eliza H. Black, of this mission, is in Pittsburgh on a visit to relatives, and has met twice with the Board. Her descriptions of life among the Indians are very entertaining and instructive.

FREEDMEN'S.

Secretary reports from Norfolk; 225 in sewing department; 129 articles made. Bible reader has made 175 visits. Contributions keeping up and missionary society well attended.

Chase City—86 pupils in sewing department; 65 articles made, using 240 yards of material during last month. Number in Industrial Home, 6.

Henderson—120 pupils in sewing department; 77 articles made.

Knoxville—107 in sewing department; 30 articles made, using 36 yards material; 16 in dressmaking dep't; $20.00 rec'd for work done. Bible reader reports 32 visits.

Miller's Ferry has received 15 boxes and two barrels of clothing in December and January; 79 in sewing class. A series of special meetings has been held by Mr. Johnston, the minister recently sent to them. Much interest has been awakened; 16 conversions and 9 admitted to the church, making the membership 29 at present. The addition to buildings not yet complete.

JUNIOR MISSIONARY WORK.

Secretary reports the circulars, on behalf of the Women's Board, presenting this work to women's societies in accordance with the action of the Convention of 1892-1893, now being circulated.

TREASURER

reports January receipts.....$2893.39
" Ex.,.....2419.64

MRS. MARY W. PORTER, Sec'y.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Receipts for the month of December, 1893.

[When not specified, the money is from the W. M. S. of the place named.]

Foreign.—2nd Brooklyn, 20; Harmony, Pa., 16.75; Kittanning, 7; White Oak Springs, 4; Spring Hill, 17.55; Carmel M. Band for India, 5.75; Belle Centre, 5; Mrs. Bessie Hogg, Scotland, 4; Rocky Spring, 20; Oak Grove, 2; Beaver Y. L. M. S., 3.50; Rock Island, 17; Rushville, 7.

Foreign Salaries.—Miss Hogg, 2nd Allegheny, Y. P. M. S., 75; 3rd Allegheny, L. M. and A. Soc., 50; 3rd Allegheny, Y. L. M. C., 12.50; Miss Park, Butler, Pres., 152.75; Cedar Rapids Pres., 55; Miss Given, Indiana Pres., 20.50; Miss Campbell, Monmouth Pres., 30; Miss Strang, Illinois Southern Pres., 100; Miss J. L. White, Beaver Valley Pres, 184.25; Dr. S. E. Johnson, Westmoreland Pres., 185.50.

Foreign Specials.—Bellevue for Dr. Johnson's Medical Instruments, 5; Butler for Dr. Johnson, on repairing damages by flood, 25; 1st Cedar Rapids, to help refit Dr. Johnson's Dispensary, 5; East Brook Sixth Annual payment for pupil Sialkot, 25.

Home and Salaries.—6th Allegheny, Y. L. M. S., 10; Oak Grove, Allegheny Pres., 5; 4th Allegheny, Y. L. A. S. for 5th Chicago, 100, and also to reduce debt on Mt. Wash. church, Pitts., 100; Harlansburg, 2; Kittanning, 7; White Oak Springs, 4; West Sunbury, 5; Mt. Chestnut, 2.75; Belmont, 7; Carmel, 10; Shiloh, 10.93; Fleming, 10; Cherry Fork, 17; Belle Centre, 5; Greeley Kan., 11; Cedar Rapids Pres., 10; 6th Allegheny, Y. L. M. S., 20; 1st East Liverpool, 20; Rocky Spring, 10; Oak Grove, 3; Beaver Falls, 5; Mt. Jackson, 7; Fairfield and Ligonier 5

W. S. Indians.—Miss S. E. Sawyer, Allegheny, 10; Rushville, 5; 2nd New Wilmington, 15; Neshannock, 11; Oak Grove, 2.

Freedmen's.—"A Friend" Omaha, Neb., 5; Knoxville, Tenn., dress-making department, 13.16; Freeport, 15; Buffalo, 3.75; Madison, 2.75; Caledonia, Ind., 2.75; Shiloh, 2.75; Milroy, 2.75; Woodruff Ave., Indianapolis, 3; Madison, 5; 2nd Monmouth Y. L. Soc., 20; Unity Chillicothe Pres., 8; Northwood for Bluestone, 11; Edgerton M. Band, for Girls' Hall, Knoxville, Tenn., 1.16; 1st Allegheny, L. H. M. S. for shoes Bluestone, 20; 6th Allegheny, Y. L. M. S., 10; 5th Allegheny King's Daughters to furnish room Knoxville, 25; Rocky Spring, 8, Oak Grove, 5; Aledo, 10; Sunbeam, 5.

Little Girls' Home Tenn.—1st Brooklyn, S. S. Class, Lena G. Collins, 3.25; 2nd Allegheny, L. A. Soc., 25.

Church Extension and Parsonage Fund.—Scotch Ridge, 10: Belle Centre, 5; Colorado Springs interest on Parsonage loan, 1.75; Oak Grove, 1; Davenport, 7.

Ministerial Relief.—Bellevue, 15; 4th Allegheny, Y. L. A. S., 15; Bellevue, 10.

Orphans' Home Allegheny.—2nd Pittsburgh, 2; Union Monongahela Pres., 4.40; Oak Grove, 2.65.

Memorial Hospital Allegheny.—2nd Pittsburgh, 8; Union, 4.40; St. Clair Extra Penny a Day Band, 25.

Home for the Aged.—2nd Pittsburgh, 6; Union, 19.40; St. Clair, Extra Penny a Day Band, 50; 1st Wilkinsburg, 25; Fairview, 12.

Pittsburgh Syrian Mission.—Miss Harriet M. Conner's salary, 45, also for rent, fuel and gas, 15, all by Monongahela Presbyterial Society.

Contingent Fund Women's Board.—Interest on bank deposits, 3.15; 33rd street church Pittsburgh, interest on loan, 124.25; Women's United Presbyterian Association, interest on loan, 60.

E. J. SLOAN, Treas.

QUESTION DRAWER.

[Address communications for this department to Miss E. W. Pollock, 314 W. Fifth Street, Erie, Pa.]

I will give a few hints for the benefit of those who may wish to discuss the General Delegate Fund.

A general delegate fund is needed to enable the small presbyterial societies in the West to have a representative in the General Society. To bring the General society within reach of the largest number, it has usually been held east of the Mississippi river. This places it beyond the reach of those in the far West, because the expense of sending a delegate is so great they cannot afford it. These presbyteries are not only far away, but are small, and the congregations are poor compared with those in our large eastern cities; and because they are small and isolated from the main body of the church, they need to come in touch with the workers and partake of the warmth and glow and enthusiasm which kindles their zeal and sends them back to their work with new courage.

When the General society met in Philadelphia there were only two delegates from beyond the Missouri river, one from Colorado and one from Omaha presbyteries; but when it met in Omaha, there were nineteen delegates, representing nine presbyteries west of the Missouri. It would not seem wise to have the General society meet in the Far West very frequently, because it takes a great deal more money to take the larger number a long distance than it does the smaller. With a general delegate fund the end would be accomplished at much less expense.

All seem willing to have this fund, which will enable the women of our mission churches to enjoy the blessings of the General Society with us, but the objection is that twenty-five cents per member is too much. This is not twenty-five cents more than we are now paying, because if we have a general fund, all delegates will have their expenses paid out of it; so if you are now paying ten cents per member for your delegate's expenses you will only have to pay fifteen cents extra.

I suppose the amount levied is based on a full representation, which according to the constitution is three delegates to every ten societies. We have never had a full representation in the General society, perhaps not half. I know that the presbyterial to which we belong has sixteen or more societies, and we have never sent more than two delegates, and usually only one, and from the minutes of the General society, I find we are not the only ones who are so economical. Perhaps our representation is too large and ought to be reduced. Let us hear from others.—ED.

MRS. SARAH MORTON.

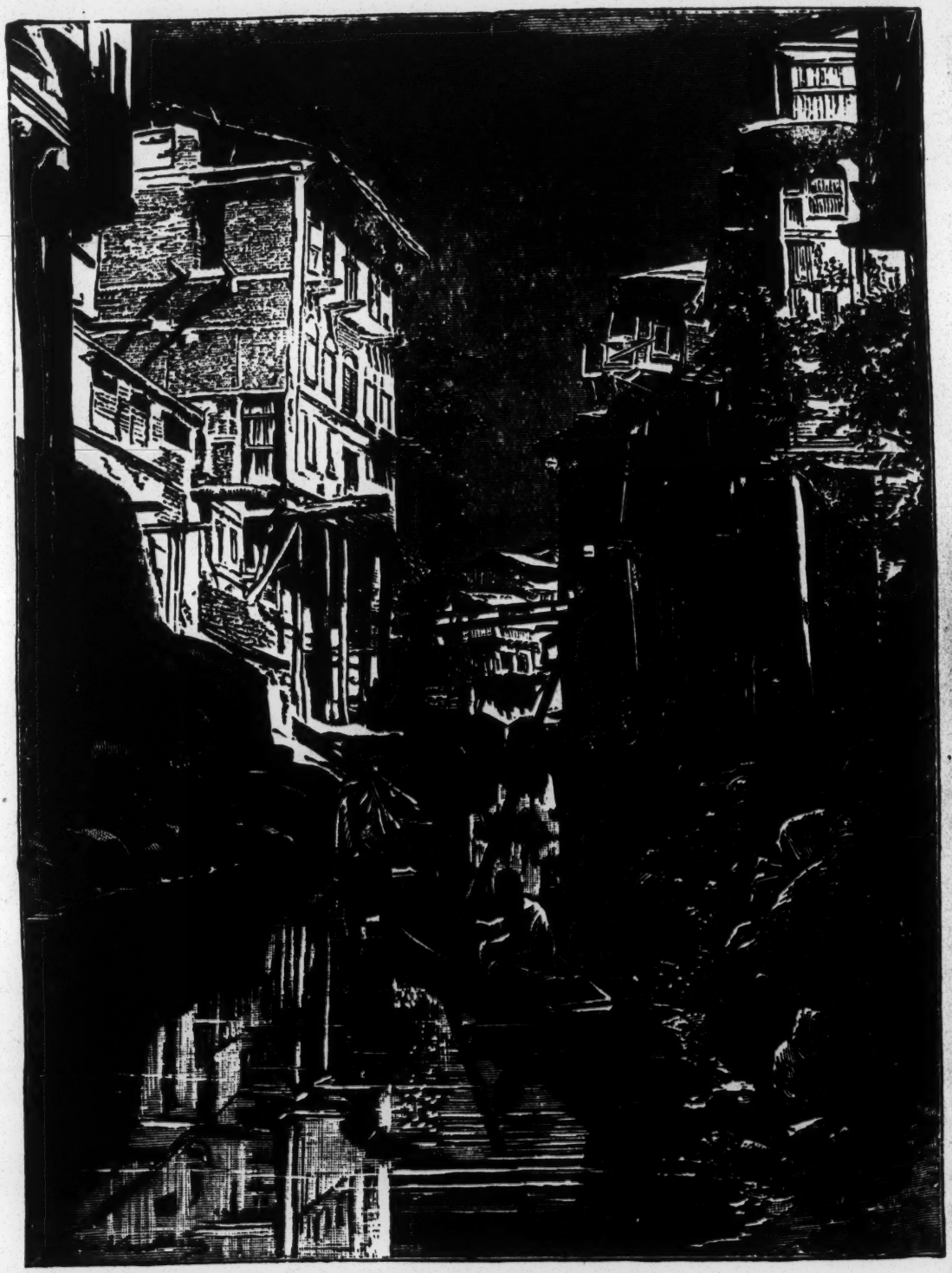
A tribute of love to the memory of Mrs. Sarah Morton, from the L. M. S., of McKeesport, Pa.

Our beloved friend and co-laborer died December 22nd, 1893, but the memories of one so faithful to the trust committed unto her care, so kind and cheerful, live on.

To her the voice of our Master called, "Come unto me," for "Ye are of them which have continued with me." To us this day he says, "Come with me." The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few. May we haste to this call before the night cometh when no man can work.

We would comfort the hearts of her loved ones in the assurance that in all your afflictions He is afflicted, and like as a father pitieth his children, so doth he pity you.

COM.



STREET IN SRINAGAR.